

## New York Tribune

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### The Shame of La Follette

For a German-born there is charity, on the ground that God's intentions are inscrutable.

For the German-American there is hope.

But is there anything to say for Robert M. La Follette, who, being neither German nor German-American, is marked on the forehead by the Legislature of his own state as one who has failed to support the government in "matters vital to the winning of the war," and whose utterances have "tended to incite sedition among the people?"

There are those who will say that La Follette, whatever else, is emotionally honest.

That would be very important if true. It would oblige you to see the man tragically, as one, like Bertrand Russell of England, in whose heart pacifism is a faith so deep and imperious that he will surrender for it his name, his life and his country. In that situation there are two elements of heroism, namely, intense conviction and reckless courage.

In La Follette's situation we find neither. He thought Wisconsin was anti-war and pro-German. That was the extent of his original conviction. We cannot help seeing him now as we found him a year ago in Washington, leader of the "wilful twelve," balancing each day his mail from Wisconsin, all the pro-German, anti-war, anti-Wilson, pacifist letters in one pile, and all the American letters in another. It was not what La Follette thought of going to war with Germany that interested him. It was what Wisconsin thought.

The American letters lost. That was not because Wisconsin was disloyal, but because pro-German letter writing was skillfully organized and financed by German money, as we then suspected and have since been able to prove.

As for the other element—that of reckless courage—it is indecently lacking. Heroism, physical or moral, is never cautious. La Follette has been very careful. He has been so careful, indeed, that only a body legally immune from action for libel, like the Legislature of Wisconsin or the United States Senate, may safely characterize his disloyalty in adequate terms.

So far as we can see, La Follette has been a disloyalist for the most sordid reason there was. He thought Wisconsin was disloyal. He counted her voices hurriedly, and was mistaken. Now she has counted herself. She has voted "aye" on the war and "no" on La Follette. That ought to be binding on La Follette, since he apparently believes neither in war nor pacifism, but in the arithmetic of Wisconsin votes. Therefore, you might suppose that he would publicly renounce disloyalism as an act of feeble apology to Wisconsin and then resign from the United States Senate to spare it the shame of debating his expulsion.

### The Sole Test of Inflation

The largest trust company in the United States and one of our most important financial institutions has issued a circular on inflation in which it says: "Credit inflation, its possibilities and dangers, is the most important financial problem facing the country to-day."

An elaborate argument is presented to show there has been no inflation thus far. Further that none is to be feared. Why? Because the banks have not lowered the percentage of their cash holdings. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete misunderstanding of the question. There is only one test of an inflated currency, one measure. No economist of standing ever dreamed of any other.

### The Measure is Prices

If the cost of living, the price of everything, rises, there is too much money and credit.

When the quotations on calico and copper and chinaware and cheese all rise together, this is evidence of an overplus of coin, credit and bank checks. This is inflation.

The amount of money and credit outstanding might expand one-half in three years, as it did, or in three months, or three weeks, and if the volume of business to be done expanded equally there would be no rise in prices, as there has been, and no inflation.

The ratio of cash holdings has no more to do with the matter than the price of cheese in the moon. That is simply the test of our bank soundness.

Suppose England and her allies should to-morrow send us another billion of gold. Or, to make it very clear, suppose it was five billions, and that this was

used to create, overnight, say, thirty billions of new bank credit, or twice what we now have.

Not one new bushel of wheat would thereby have been produced. Not one ton of steel. Not a pound of cotton.

But, overnight, the free price of wheat would have gone to four or five dollars, steel to two hundred dollars and cotton to 60c to 80c.

That is the meaning and the test of inflation.

And THAT is why the housewife, the wage earner, the savings bank depositor, the humble and the thrifty are vitally concerned in this problem; even more than the banker.

So long as his bank reserves are intact a banker need not worry. The Tribune has not begun its battle against wildcat finance to protect Wall Street or its banks. Wall Street can take care of itself. It can turn inflation to its own profit.

Inflation is unfair to the poor and the thrifty, to school teachers and clerks and all that vast army of earners who cannot make their slender incomes go up as the cost of living goes up by whoops and bounds. They know what a dollar which will buy only 55 cents' worth of food means, if the banker does not.

### Out With Kultur

Senator Robinson's bill at Albany to revoke the charter of the New York branch of the German-American Alliance ought to pass. There is a bill in the Senate at Washington to revoke the charter of the parent national body. But we ought to begin the work of patriotic housecleaning at home.

The German-American Alliance is an agency of pro-Germanism and pan-Germanism. Its purpose is to spread the poison of German Kultur. Its chief aim is to encourage hyphenatism. There is no place for such an organization in this country. Let it be destroyed, root and branch. And the sooner the better.

### Romantic Diplomacy

We are by way of awkwardly raising a moral issue with our "associates" in war, so designated officially, but known otherwise as our allies.

Great Britain, France and Italy are agreed that the ally Japan shall enter Siberia and lay her strength across the path by which Germany would approach the Pacific. We have refused to give our consent to that important and perhaps vital undertaking. We do not positively dissent; we merely enter our non-assent as a passive protest, on the ground that it is unwise to enter Russia against her will. If it must be done, so be it, only it will have been done entirely by our "associates," and we will have not agreed. We may, if we like, wash our hands of it. Such is the understanding of the attitude of our government which the Washington correspondents bring from the State Department.

It seems hopeless to argue the matter. To say that the Allies ought not to enter Russia against her will is to assume in the first place that what remains of Russia has a will. You might argue that point for a month, but meantime there lies the path across Asia to the Pacific. "Germany may not go that way," say those who think measures should wait upon formalities. But that also is arguable.

The practical course is obvious. Our "associates" in war perceive it and pursue it. Can we really hold aloof without seeming to characterize their conduct? Gradually the world will find us out. We are morally and politically romantic to almost the point of absurdity.

### Woman's Place

It was an awful concatenation of things that obstructed the path of woman on her way to the polls, in those before-war arguments of the anti-suffragists. Babies, dinner to get, floors to scrub, the children to dress, husband to worship, religion, the Sanctity of the Home (capitalized), and goodness knows what else. It all formed an insurmountable pile, a No Man's Land which no true woman could ever possibly cross.

We have no wish to draw premature conclusions from Tuesday's interesting beginning. But it is at least safe to say that the faintest sign of one of these terrific obstacles materialized. They vanished like so much mist before the women who simply put on their hats and went and voted. "It ain't nothin' to vote. They was just tryin' to scare us. I did it just as easy. Go on in now, Mamie." Eighth Avenue spoke for the whole city.

The babies and baby carriages spoke for the home come to the polls. It most certainly belongs there. The sooner the Senate of the United States is convinced of this truth the better for homes everywhere—and the better for the Senate.

### Clipping the Wings of the Flier

The French army used to have a saying, "All aviators are a little crazy," and nobody believed it as thoroughly as the aviators. They took great pride in being unlike other people in a war which has become all cramped into schedule. An aviator got up when he felt like it and flew when the mood was on. If he felt depressed or unlucky or out of sorts he rolled over and went to sleep again. Nobody said anything about it. When he fought the battle was a duel with an opponent who was also a knight and a sportsman although a Boche.

But there was no keeping efficiency out of the air. The German brought it there. He discovered that two 'planes were better than one, and three even better. He introduced team work, and the

lone French heron of the air began to be picked off by groups of Germans who would send one machine after another diving down on a single foe. The Flying Circus and other aerial teams of the Germans have not only driven chivalry from the air, but taken a good deal of the joy out of flying. Very reluctantly the French have begun to take up squadron flying, and the airman now finds himself obeying commands just as if he were in the infantry or the artillery. Next to Germany, America has done most to take romance out of the air, so the French say. The American air student attends lectures and learns about meteorology and physics. He learns how to take a motor apart and put it together again. In fact, he is versed in all the theories of flying long before he takes to the air. Of course, this is the best system, but the scholarly approach cannot fail to dim the spirit of adventure just a bit. Launcelot might have been a somewhat less dashing figure if he had anticipated his first quest with a course of lectures on the minimum number of foot pounds necessary to unhorse an opponent or the relative resilience of chain mail and armor.

### John Redmond

Daniel O'Connell went to his grave with a heart broken by frustrated hopes. The "Young Ireland" men and the men of '67 lived to see their dreams dissolve and vanish. Parnell died in the shadow of eclipse. The men of "Easter week" saw their "Republic" blown to dust by shells from British cannon before they gave to the land they loved—not perhaps wisely, but surely well—the last brimful measure of their devotion. And now John Redmond has laid himself down to die in the gray twilight of disappointment. Like the rest who have gone before him, he gave his best for Ireland; like the rest, he had his hour when victory seemed within his grasp. And, like the rest, he tasted the bitter draught before he died.

His brother, Major "Willie," died fighting in the British trenches, but fighting, as he himself averred, for Ireland, and his body lies in a peaceful convent garden in France—a gallant and chivalrous soul. And so, too, was John Redmond. In all the bitter quarrels that have torn unhappy Ireland since Armageddon broke there was never one among his antagonists to impeach his knightly honor. Irishmen are hard upon one another at times; they are stern, nay, cruel, in their judgments and relentless in their enmities where Ireland is concerned. John Redmond was spared in nothing save in that one thing. You could fight him—you could, if need be, hate him—but you had to respect him for the nobility of soul that was his.

It is with a gesture of menace that Fate beckons to the man whom she summons to lead the fight for Ireland, and whose answers her summons—and who has ever failed to answer it?—is destined at least to his hour in Gethsemane, if not to his end on Golgotha.

### More Game, Not Looser Laws

The use of wild game to supplement the ordinary food supply is a matter which has received careful attention in Great Britain, where the deer and birds in the great preserves have been systematically killed and marketed or sent to hospitals. Here, outside of an augmentation of the use of rabbit—chiefly on bills of fare on "meatless days"—the chief aim seems to have been to break down the wise conservation laws to permit a promiscuous slaughter of game, which would have meant a temporary advantage but a lasting loss. But, as Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Whitman said at the annual conference of the American Game Protective Association, such a course ought to be strongly opposed. Many varieties of American game are already far on the road to extinction. A far better way to meet the present need and not rob the future is pointed out by Conservation Commissioner Pratt, who seeks the cooperation of all rod and gun clubs in the state in the extension of one of the state's regular activities—the setting of pheasants' eggs, in order that there may be more game for sport and eating too.

### Why Paris Is Seldom Raided

I happened to have been in Paris during the last air raid. You know our English habit of always depreciating ourselves and making out that things abroad are much better; one of the forms that has taken is that the defence of London is very inferior to the defence of Paris against air attack. Now, that statement overlooks the conditions the enemy has to face in the two problems. As a matter of fact, it is much easier for the enemy to attack London than it is for him to attack Paris. It always has been and it always will be. The reason is that an aeroplane flying at night requires a number of conspicuous landmarks to guide it, and an aeroplane leaving Belgium has first of all the Belgian coast, then the British coast, the mouth of the Thames and the Thames itself to guide it to London. When the enemy starts to attack Paris he has nothing of the same degree of prominence as the things I have just mentioned. Therefore, it is a much more difficult problem to find Paris at night than it is to find London. That is the main reason why Paris has enjoyed greater immunity than London.

There is another reason; that is, the enemy attacking London don't come into the danger zone until they reach England, which means that half their journey, both coming and going, is safe, whereas when they attack Paris, though they may arrive in Paris unobserved, they know quite well that the alarm will have been given everywhere, and their way home they will have to fight their way back over hostile territory and come within hostile gunfire.

But when it comes to a comparison of the air defences of Paris and London, I can tell you from my personal experience that the defences of London are at all points more complete than those of Paris. Of course, this is only natural, seeing that Paris has enjoyed a long immunity and that the conditions of attack are so much more difficult than in the case of London.

## B. M. Baruch

By RALPH BLOCK

WASHINGTON, March 6.—A stock trader is a man who studies causes. He studies them and then observes them, with a stop-watch in his hand, in order that he may harvest at the fortunate moment the fruits that follow their flowering into effect.

In his fashion, such a trader is a metaphysician. The world he works in is the elementary world of pure logic, the foundation of the apparently confused and illogical world that towers above it.

A stock market trader has nothing to do with chance; he is not a gambler. He is a mathematician, for his experience is with facts that are remorseless and inexorable as mathematics. He is a merchant who deals in cause and effect.

Baruch was that kind of trader. He still is, although the world knows him chiefly as the government's magician in raw materials, now the head of the War Industries Board. But Mr. Baruch, who pitted the sharpness of his mind against the discretion and secrets of the world's production, when he was in New York, is still the same Baruch in Washington. Only it is a harder game he plays now, the lines drawn a little tighter, the causes he is always trying to find and observe better hidden, and their effects more difficult to bring to fruition.

Washington is full of patriots whose jobs fit them like an ancestral overcoat. Half of the men who came to Washington to help out were so highly specialized in their own particular jobs that the peculiar atmosphere of a government job has left them bewildered. They give an impression of the sharp edge of eagerness dulled by uneasiness. They look like men who know they are expected to do a certain job, who want to do that job, but are not quite sure in the new environment of a government office whether the conditions will allow them to do it.

Baruch is an exception. He seems to have been made for this job. Before the war his business brought to him a vast knowledge of the sources of commodities, the origins of materials. His special job in the war has been to find raw materials before any one has told him they are wanted, and then tell people where to go and buy them when they discovered their needs. Not only does he find the materials when others can't, but he finds them at prices which add considerably to their value to the government.

In March of last year Baruch bought copper—45,000,000 pounds of it—for the army and navy at 16-23 cents when the market price was 35 cents. He bought—or rather arranged and then "advised"—the purchase of 5,000,000 tons of steel for the navy at from one-third to 50 per cent below the market price. Zinc, alcohol, magnesia, nickel, cement—every raw material necessary for war has been drawn within the magic circle of Baruch's hand.

They tell interesting stories about some of these purchases. Before platinum became scarce Baruch saw scarcity looming up ahead. Away off in Russia were 21,000 ounces of platinum, costing some \$2,000,000, arrived in New York, via the Transiberian route and the Pacific Ocean. It came from Russia. Nitrates from South America, linen from Belfast—this is a part of the Baruch story. Part of it remains to be told after the war, when the full acceptance of open diplomacy will cast no shade of discretion upon the commandeering of foreign governments to serve American needs.

### The Lincoln London Wants

(From The Chronicle)  
Sir Alfred Mond, the British Commissioner of Public Works, whose department is engaged on this difficult problem of America's gift, the statue of Abraham Lincoln, has inspired the ensuing communication which should for all time settle the dispute as to whether George Grey Barnard's "Lincoln" be sent for erection at Westminster. Sir Alfred, the intimate friend of the Prime Minister, is in a position to pass on this subject, and in the following he discloses great tact in intimating to all the adversaries in the bitter quarrel the precise attitude of his government. Not only as a statesman, but as a connoisseur of art, Sir Alfred ranks high in Britain, and his semi-official message to the editor of "The Chronicle" must be regarded from both important points of view:

"Dear Sir:  
I am desired by Sir Alfred Mond to thank you for your letter of the 2d inst. and for the copy of 'The Chronicle,' which, however, has not yet arrived.

"Sir Alfred desires me to tell you that he has been kept very fully informed of the controversy that has taken place concerning Mr. Barnard's statue of President Lincoln, and is perfectly aware of the fact that a great many distinguished artists, art critics and men of taste whose opinion is certainly worthy of all consideration think very highly of it as a work of art. Sir Alfred thinks you must realize, however, that he has taken up the only possible attitude for a British minister in his position—namely, that while this government would welcome with the utmost pleasure a representation of America's greatest statesman for erection in London, it would obviously be quite improper for him to express any opinion on the merits or demerits of a statue by American artists which is proposed to select for this purpose. Evidently the fact that a large section of influential opinion in the United States itself, including the son of President Lincoln, has taken up a strong attitude in the controversy cannot be ignored either by Sir Alfred Mond or the ministry. It is to be hoped that some degree of unanimity will eventually be reached as to the statue best fitted to represent President Lincoln, with due regard to the fact that the statue is to be erected in London on the extremely important site at present allotted to it, and to the necessity of its being in harmony with the statues already in position in that neighborhood.

"Sir Alfred Mond, if it were permissible for him to express a personal opinion on the matter, would be disposed to say that it is improbable that the replica of any existing statue, designed for different conditions, is ever likely to make a satisfactory impression. He feels sure that Mr. Barnard or any other sculptor would agree with him that a statue should be designed with reference to the site and surroundings in which it is to be placed. If you could use your influence in this direction, Sir Alfred is confident that it would do much to promote the result desired by every one concerned—namely, the erection in London of a worthy memorial of a great man whose memory is honored on this side of the water as it is on yours. Yours faithfully,  
"AENEAS O'NEILL."

## 'S'MATTER, POP?'



—From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

## Who Killed Russia?

By Moissaye J. Olgin

(From Asia)

"SAVE the revolution!" "Defend Russian freedom against German autocracy!"—these are sentiments that can appeal to every Russian heart and make it throb with patriotic enthusiasm. Why, then, did they not give that mental intoxication that moves masses to heroic exploits? Why were the clarion calls of Russian revolutionary veterans a voice in the wilderness? Why was a pathetic appeal of Koroletko, a man rightly called "the conscience of Russia," less effective than the appeal of a Bolshevik? Why were Krapotkin, Plechanov, Bruchkovskaya, repeatedly warning the nation to "beware of the German danger," less heeded than Lenin and Trotsky? Why were the Social Revolutionary party, the People's Socialist party, the Menshevik Social Democratic party, the Council of Peasants' Delegates, the various other factions, groups and organizations favoring a vigorous defence of the Russian revolution against German invasion why were they all less successful than the sole faction of the Bolsheviks? Wasn't Russian territory occupied by German arms? Weren't Russian peoples suffering under the German yoke? Wasn't it the duty of democratic Russia to restore to herself the torn members of her body? Wasn't it a task worthy of a free and freedom-loving nation? Why, then, was the denunciation of the war as imperialistic more convincing to the masses than all the other appeals?

It was because the masses did not want to fight. The demoralization of the army had begun even under the old regime. Centrifugal forces had developed long before the revolution. The new order, necessarily shaking the very foundations of military discipline, only increased the confusion. Army committees sprang up in every unit. The commanding officers were put under control of the ordinary soldiers. Old generals were dismissed, and their successors spoke a language that made the soldiers feel their own power. Soon they became aware that they—the soldiers—were the actual rulers. They could make and unmake governments; they could impose their will on the country. Why should they continue fighting? Why should they face mortal danger?

The Bolsheviks were in a position to find a theoretical foundation for all the elemental movements that were shaking the country. The peasants were illegally seizing land; the Bolsheviks approved of their actions, declaring the land, together with the houses of the landlords, to be the property of the people, and urging the peasant communities to take possession of the national acquisition. The workmen decreased the productivity of labor by unreasonable demands and by lack of discipline

### An All-College Plattsburg

(From The Boston Transcript)  
The War Department would do well to give favorable consideration to the suggestion of "The Harvard Crimson" that an all-college officers' training camp be established this summer. The idea clearly contains merit. Hundreds of college men now below the draft age would welcome the opportunity to devote the long vacation to intensive preparation for military service of a kind still greatly needed. To students in these institutions which now have no R. O. T. C. the plan would be particularly attractive, because it would enable them to get a training which conditions at their own colleges force them to forego.

If Harvard's camp of last summer was popular and valuable, why wouldn't a camp established on much broader lines and conceivably of much larger efficiency be still more popular and valuable? In asking this question there is neither attempt nor desire to minimize the great service which Harvard has rendered the nation. The men it educated at the Fresh Pond trenches and at Barre made an excellent showing at the subsequent Plattsburg, and they are making an even better showing to-day as officers in the National Army. But Harvard's camp was an infantry camp to train infantry officers. Artillery, signal corps and engineer officers are just as urgently needed. Let the colleges devoted to these varying interests pool their resources. Let the infantry of Harvard, the artillery of Yale and the engineering of Technology join forces in any other great effort to meet the diverse needs of a country at last seriously at war.

### Salt on Grapefruit

(From The Louisville Courier-Journal)

Among recent suggestions made by the food conservation authorities at Washington is one that salt instead of sugar be eaten on grapefruit.

This is an excellent suggestion. There are those who never put sugar on grapefruit when they can get salt. According to their taste, salt is incomparably preferable. A little salt—just a pinch of it—brings out a delicate, exquisite flavor of grapefruit which is wholly killed by sugar. You really do not know grapefruit if you do not know this flavor, and you do not know the flavor unless you have discovered the magic of salt in capturing it. Indeed, the legendary wizardry of salt sprinkled on a bird's tail is not to be compared with the actual wizardry of salt sprinkled on a grapefruit.

The sugar conservationists might have gone further and advised the substitution of salt for sugar on our cereal breakfast foods. There is none of these which is not just as palatable, if not more so, if eaten with cream and salt instead of cream and sugar. Try it.

We consume more sugar than is good for us, anyway. Improve your diet and acquire some new pleasures of the breakfast table by using a little salt instead of a lot of sugar on your grapefruit and cereals.

### The War's Chief End

(From The Seattle Post-Intelligencer)

The suspicion simply won't down that the chief purpose of this war was to furnish Ambassador Gerard with enough reminiscences to last him a lifetime.

## The Spring Drive

By Emma Bugbee

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK, March 6.—Indications that the great spring drive, so long anticipated by poets and flat dwellers, is about to begin were apparent at an Atlantic port to-day.

Trailing arbutus was seen on a well-known avenue. Its appearance, although of small strategic value in the fight against coal bills and the high cost of rhinias, was the signal for a great outpouring of joy on the part of the populace of the winter-ravaged city. Women bent over and kissed the fragile blossoms when they could not afford to buy them, and many a proud lord on the way to purchase roses at four dollars a dozen for his sweetheart yielded to a sudden sentimental impulse and bought her arbutus at thirty-five cents a bunch. These are the little "human interest" things which are recognized as being of the highest importance in keeping up the morale of the nation, so much weakened by the unparalleled severity of winter's recent attacks, aided as they were by the scarcity of coal and other enemies within the house. For this reason the flower outposts on the avenue will doubtless be maintained at any cost.

It was announced that certain persons had been overheard spreading the story on the tops of buses that the arbutus was not a true indication of spring in these parts. These were denied by the home office. All persons were warned that these stories were only part of the subtle propaganda carried on by winter, in an effort to terrorize our people by making them think spring was never coming.

In view of the prevalence of this terror the authorities made public last night certain other announcements which had been kept secret up to this time. They permitted it to be known that reports from their field marshals in Westchester County declared whole gardens to be entirely cleared of ice and snow. What ice remains is deeply entrenched on north-facing slopes, or in a few dark corners from which the sun scouts have been unable to drive them as yet. Several detachments of new green grass have advanced on the sunny slopes facing toward the south, particularly along the Bronx River. In the swamps are many listening posts manned by pussy willows.

Some of the most courageous work of the whole campaign has been done by the tulips and daffodils. These daring little plants have penetrated often as far as half an inch from their trenches, quite indifferent to the dangers of snow and wind and freezing temperature. On one occasion a young crimson tulip plant thrust its head above the embankment of dead leaves and was struck down by a snowball thrown by some children scuffling in the snow rift which lay just beyond in No Man's Land—that strange and unlovely barren covered with dead grasses, old orange peel and gray blue chunks of melting ice.

The tulips sent wireless appeals for reinforcements of sunbeams, and two days after the sacrifice of the crimson tulip the entire sector was free of enemy snow-drifts. One of the most satisfactory elements of this victory was the fact that the children, always neutral between the joys of snowballs and skating and the promises by the story of the smashed tulip and had knelt down and patted the tiny growing things lovingly.

Large numbers of wild geese were seen flying north over Great South Bay some two weeks ago, but the authorities did not put much confidence in them, dismissing them with the remark that that was all one could expect of geese. Recently, however, there has been a more active activity among bird scouts of a more reliable nature. The starlings, crows, and woodpeckers, which have been with us all winter but inactive, are flying far afield, and bring reports of large areas already tinged with the warm yellow and red of waking willow trees. Some even declare that in the swamps the red maples are hanging out their crimson flags to welcome the first turn of spring.

An unconfirmed rumor published by "The Evening Post's" correspondent at St. Paul's Leaves announces the coming of the first robin. If this be true, spring is indeed in the air.

## Revolutions to Come

Mrs. Stokes Explains Her Views on the Dark Forces of the World

To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: In The Tribune of yesterday's date I am reported to have declared "England a worse tyrant than Germany." The report is misleading. I declared the British government, where their interests were concerned, were no less tyrannical than the German government where theirs were concerned. The governments, also please note, not the people.

Another error in the reporting lay in the following paragraph: "There are thousands of Jews in labor organizations who are standing dumb before British tyranny. If you are Socialists you cannot stand by while Great Britain and France take the initiative of having Japan and China do the work in Siberia which Germany might do better." The italics are mine.

"Which Germany might fail to do" is what I said. For it is no secret to those who are watching the international capitalist game closely that the hope of the British, French and Italian governments was that Germany would succeed in crushing the Socialist republic in Russia and establish a bourgeois republic, or a constitutional monarchy, even, in its stead. Germany having failed in this, it seems now to be the Allied governments' cue to use China and Japan as cat's-paws for secret considerations not to be disclosed until the workers take control of their governments as Russia's workers have (to pull their capitalist chestnuts out of the Russian proletarian fire by crushing the Russian revolution).

The gauntlet of the proletariat has been thrown down by the workers' government of Russia. The capitalist governments on both sides of the quarrel have picked up the challenge, united in their desires to crush their common foe. Both sides are making the attempt. But in that attempt (no matter how disguised and subtle and indirect it may be on the part of the Allies, in contradistinction to the brutal, direct methods of German Junkers) they are trying open the eyes of the workers the world over—the German, the French, the British, the Italian, the American workers. Some day they will see in inextinguishable numbers! Then let the proletarians—the imperialists, the "dark forces" (and the self-white-washed "dark forces" who, parading under the banner of "world democracy," are seeking to form a "gentlemen's agreement" to exploit the people of the world in "peaceful, democratic union")—let them be warned! There is such a thing as international "patriotism" overreaching themselves in their ill-disguised greed. The workers will rise and shake them like ants off their backs, and the Allies' attempts to crush the Russian revolution, through Japan or any other power, will hasten that day by a decade. A successful crushing of the Russian Socialist republic by Germany would precipitate a revolution in Germany.

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

New York, March 6, 1918.